

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 65.

The Development of Spiritual Media.

We are often asked by those who deem the Spiritual philosophy not worthy of serious and laborious investigation, why it is that spirits cannot manifest their presence to one person as well as another, and why they can not communicate as well through one person as another.—These questions very naturally suggest themselves to uninitiated minds, and there is but one difficulty in answering them. That difficulty is, that when we give them the philosophy which the spirits teach us, and which our experience proves to be true, and when we again meet the same persons, perhaps on the opposite side of the same block, after the lapse of ten minutes, they will ask the same questions over again, and seem to have forgotten that you had but just finished a half hour's labor in endeavoring to make the philosophy plain to their comprehension.

Spirits of those who have lived out the term of their earthly life, and passed into the second state of existence, are not, nor do they claim to be, omnipotent nor omnipresent. They can discriminate between those human organizations whose idiosyncrasies and magnetic properties qualify them to be used as spirit media, and those who have not those natural qualifications; but they have not the power to remodel those organizations which have not those qualities, and to supply them. They can and do develop those qualities, where they find them inactive in the system; and they are capable of judging whether the seed which they thus find, will produce powers worth cultivating; and if they arrive at an affirmative conclusion, they will labor long and arduously to bring the latent principle to maturity.

There are some subjects in whom spirits find a germ of mediumship, which promises great utility, when it can be brought to perfection, but which lies so deep in the idiocratic structure, that the subject has to be labored with long, and sometimes exercised much and violently, before the peculiar properties can be so evolved as to be made serviceable.—But it has been found that such ones, when they have passed through the developing ordeal, make the most powerful and most reliable media; and hence the determination which spirits sometimes manifest, to develop a medium, even against his or her inclination. In this process of development, the subjects are frequently made to perform many kinds of gymnastic exercise, such as dancing, whirling around, tumbling and vaulting. Sometimes they are made to slap their hands violently on tables, slap them together and throw their arms in every direction. Sometimes their muscles are used to contort their features, so that they make ludicrous grimaces. Sometimes they are made so rigid that the whole strength of another person is inadequate to bend an arm.—Sometimes they are made to utter sounds like different kinds of animals; sometimes to utter a kind of jargon-like language; sometimes they are made to laugh long and immoderately; sometimes they are made to sing as they never could sing in the normal state; and sometimes they are kept so long under spiritual influence, and in an abnormal state of mind, that their friends become seriously alarmed lest they permanently lose their senses.

In all these cases, it seems to be the province of malignant and lying skepticism, to represent that spiritualism has produced insanity.—Such is the case alluded to in the infamous article which we have copied from the *Commercial Advertiser*, in another article. Such was another case which was similarly paraded, in which a mechanic was seized, when under the developing influence, manacled like a maniac or a

criminal, and thrown into the county mad-house. And it has become a part of the systematized operations of those who are compassing heaven and earth to save stricken orthodoxy from its destined annihilation, to search, listen, pry and eavesdrop, wherever there are spiritual circles held, to find such cases to report as insanity, and to seize and abduct such media, who are in course of development, when they can do it with impunity.

Now, what shall spiritualists do, in self-defense? Shall they mildly turn the other cheek, to such conscienceless and villainous smiters? Then it would be wrong to resist a highwayman, who requires your money or your life. What course should spiritualists pursue towards the publishers of a paper, like the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, who seek all pretexts to abuse them and the glorious cause in which they are engaged, in the most blackguardly and malignant manner? The christian answer is: "Do good for evil." Well, what is doing good, in such cases? Is it doing good to the cause of justice and righteousness, to continue to feed and fatten such men, whilst they are outraging truth, decency and humanity, with their slanderous vituperation and malicious lies? We are not of that opinion. We believe it would be doing good for evil to make such men feel, in their only sensitive point—their pecuniary interest, that it is better to be just and fair and honorable, than to indulge in a malicious spirit of persecution, at the expense of truth, honor and every characteristic of elevated manhood. Spiritualists are getting to be strong enough, numerically, to make themselves felt by their traducers; and it is high time that they should put themselves upon the defensive, and assert their rights, by whatever means they possess. If they find themselves insulted, belied, vituperated and maliciously misrepresented, by all the daily journals, they have means enough and patronage enough to establish and support journals which will do them justice; and we think we can see that it will not be long before they will have to do so. It is folly—almost madness—for spiritualists to be continually pampering men who seek every opportunity to bite the hand that feeds them.

Celestial Correspondence.

The following letter and lecture are from the guardian spirit of another sister to those two of the family in Lewiston, who were similarly favored in our last week's issue. We are not informed who the spirit was, when in the form, who calls herself "MARY."

DEAR AGNES:—As sink the sunbeams of day when night is in the skies, so the waves of infinite attraction have borne my spirit to thee; and as our pulses beat in harmony and unison with the laws of mind, inspiration gathers its song from the unwearied soul of God.

In the rose-hued climes of the angels' homes, doth my soul disclose its mysterious powers, while, like a blended stream of beauty and strength, the brightness of Deity is interfused into every department of my infinite being. And while I dwell in the glory-mantled home of the upper skies, where discord never grieves the heart, but where the dual soul breathes the music of inner thought, thou art a dew-drop trembling upon the flower of humanity, where the cold winds of life may pass heedlessly over thy pearly surface; but hope is written on the tablet of nature; and, like a dove of some fair legend, do I come and fold my wings on thy breast, and breathe of that home, instarred with beauty, whose archangelic harmony permeates thy finite being.

Then hope on; pillow thy heart, for a while, on the bosom of nature;

and as the ebbing sunlight sinks to rest in its bed of golden ether, shall thy soul sink away from the earth, and bathe its weary wings in the rich aromal dews of angelic climes.

Very affectionately,

MARY.

A Dew-Flower gathered from the skies, by Mary, from her friend, Agnes.

Truth is the mariner of the heart's deep ocean—the solar star of the one created immensity. It glimmers and rolls on the soul's orbit; unfolds in harmony and overbends the universe, as the eternal sky arches over its broad expanse. God shines in dual form, in the human heart, while each attribute assumes an outward mould and becomes a miniature heaven. And as truth sweeps around the heavenly deep, science, on whose brow the signet of God's thought is set, throws open the boundless dwelling place of the angels, and there, in their circles of harmony, their souls thrill with thought and beauty. And they draw life and sweetness from the electric flowers of heaven, and as the air is filled with floral wealth, they sing upon its tide, in musical cadence, of the power and love of the Supreme Being. And as the angels tread the pavements of the sky, they reveal in every footstep the elements of immortal life. They come laden with the wealth of eternal thought; and as mind is nature's great heir, they draw the higher harmonies and prove that death is but a pleasant dream, from which the soul awakes, whose veins are thrilled with sensation, and whose pulses beat with life and warmth, in its new-found home. And there each receives the impartation of truth, and celestial inspiration is infused into the mind, until it, by degrees, ascends to the ecstasies of a divine existence.

The soul does not sink into a dark vacuity, but soul thrills to soul, in heaven's wide domain, and utters forth, in space and time, the tones and notes of love which are chords of one bright lyre, swept by the winds of the heart's own emotion. Mind is a temple of Divinity. It is limitless and unconfined, yet but a drop in heaven's immensity a spiral wave of one expanded ocean—infinity. Wisdom is the parent sky of the soul, whose lunar beams penetrate the great future, beholding from afar the world of Infinite Presence, whose sculptured beauty out-images the Divine Architect.

The mind has reality. It is a living entity, fashioned into form by the laws of God, and all its germinal essence and its finite faculties originate from Superior Wisdom. Thought was woven into the mind, and its waving waters were thronged with new realms of being, while God urged all true thought to one destiny. And the heart brightens with the footprints of his love as from the spirit dome his pure nature is reflected in angel form. God's image in darkest nature dwells—on the parched desert of the misguided heart, and in the temple of the refined soul. He clothes each weary breast with his love. He does not come in papal robe or gorgeous pulpits; but as the new-born infant lies near to its mother's breast, so does the human soul rest on its God, who thought man into being.

Souls may differ in degree of beauty, stature and symmetry. Outward nature may vary and the mind be dissimilar; yet God is there.—His divinity outblooms the material robe, and extends its tendrils deep into the grand department of finite intelligence, while the spirit life, in unison with divine law, is only an ultimate of the human mind, subject to the orb-harmonies of the solar world, to the miniature mineral universe, and to all finite existences. The soul is born in heaven, and its life exhales to God, while each attribute, melting like music in the realms of infinity, is recombined, rising through the twilight air of unrefined spheres, until the gradual growth of the interior man, has expanded beyond the last, faint glimmers of materiality. The statued glories of nature arose from the heights of heaven's dome, whose truths are vibrant with the expectation of the soul's birth into its primal home.

Truth is the lyric power of the universe—the living breath of God, and heaven's own artistic verse. It is Creation's globe blending with the orb-harmonies of the skies.

The mind is an infant universe; and each atom is an harmony of the inner soul, which is ever merging nearer and nearer its spirit home.—As the solar essences of the universe become blent with other elements of nature, by organic harmonies, worlds are formed and the Deific essences descending in spiral forms, blending with other elemental essences of the finite world, by specific processes, the soul is born into the physical form. Thus all worlds, floating in their ocean of electric ether, as the soul in its infant universe, are formed upon and by the same harmonic mind—God.

The sun, moon, stars and the flowers are encompassed by a spherical form of heaven, and reveal to the external sight the splendor and power of the Primal Giver. The language of heaven is in every splendor-tinted creation, and music outsteals from every fragrant flower and bud, and reveals the emotion and affection of the Original Fount of all their beauties, which float in the electrical atmosphere of the natural universe. It demonstrates the presence of spirit before crude matter, which is traced in the tinted harmonies of the floral world, the amber sphere of earth, and in the interior sense of the human heart.

Thought is a living entity, and sustains the soul. It throbs in the tidal seas of the mind, twines around the centre of the heart, and breathes of immortality.

Harmony sings its sweet anthemial song in the leafy tree, in the trembling flower, in the tear, in the sigh, and in every breath of the air. It sweeps the chords of creation with its electric touch, and magnetizes the finite faculties of mind. Its colossal image is mirrored from the highest heaven to the lowest depravity in man. It re-unites man with the angels, and unfolds the intellect until it has become a spiral flower in an animated beauty-form, and is heard in the heart like an celean lute, discoursing liquid music, and is a sweeter epic verse than Homer or Mozart ever sung. It is the lyric of creation and the epic poem of heaven; and, like an immortal heart, throbs with each human emotion, and speaks from out the depths of wisdom, and out-breathes inward melody. It is a magnet of the soul, and sends its shafts of elemental light downward from the brow of Deity, to the archangel form in man. It is the deep, impassioned voice of nature revealing the joy and tenderness of the upper home.

Sympathy, in panoramic beauty, o'erspreads the earth, and, like sunbeams, dances across the mental nature, until the human heart trembles in solemn harmony, when it beholds the misery incident to human life. It is a long wave of eternity, thrilling with liquid cadence, the divinity of man, quickening his inward pulse, and throwing over him the trance-like harmonies of the spirit-land. It finds its home in the heart, in nature and in eternity. And as the summer winds whisper through the leafy grove, so doth sympathy—the tear of the skies—descend from its higher home, on the undying breath of melody, and inspire the soul with the meaning of life and love. Yet how little to the world is known the meaning of sympathy. It is a power of the heart, written on the gilded leaves of affection, by the great poet, Nature. Its soul was inspired by God; yet outward life fails to know its depths. It is a seraph-boon brought from the land of beauty, and a dew-drop which trembles in the heart which bears it down from the clime of the angels. But as life has heaven in its reign, sympathy must walk the skies—must mantle round the finite breast, and, clothed in silver light, be the guardian angel of the human heart, when dove-like, affection cooes for its eternal mate—sympathy.

Wisdom, the sparkling emerald of the mind, must chant its blessed strains. And when sorrow's sweeping gale echoes so mournfully thro' the avenues of the human heart, wisdom must speak of the spring-tide gladness of the life immortal. It must breathe forth its mighty powers in the great temple of nature, whose roof is the vaulted sky—whose walls are the trees and flowers, and whose orchestra, the utterances of Deity in all things. It must thread its way through the sensuous mind, where the fettered spirit lives in discord and madness, and knows not of the life of the upper land. It must make its arrowy path through the infidel, who fain would know if the songs of his

heart are responded to by voices beyond the rudimental sky—who would know if life's continuous current flows into another life, and if the pulses of the soul leapt into another form still more lovely and beautiful than the finite one. It must reveal that beneath the churchyard mould, the soul, unseen by man, exists a living and breathing entity—that a divine repose diffused itself through the soul, when on its snowy bosom no stain of human life is left; that it expands sublimely through the ethereal exhalations of heaven, and rises to welcome the inmates of its eternal home. Wisdom, in its swift revolving changes, must reveal the harmonies of the morning-land. It must reveal each angel clime, unconfined by space, and, in heaven's own morn, sing the anthems of harmony to its God.

Another diamond floats on the spiral waves of eternity—it is Love, the child of the skies. 'Tis winter in the heart when it is cold; but love plants its own Eden. It is a tender flower, the bridal of the heart; and if strong winds sweep around it, it will droop and never be refreshed, only in heaven. It is the bright star which shines through earth's deep mysteries. It fills the dark atmosphere of sorrow with its softened light. It is an orb revolving in material nature's light, which opes the mystic page of the soul, and reveals the heart's affinity to the angel world. It flows over earth's bosom, sent from heaven to move the cold, unfeeling, worldly heart, to joy and tenderness. It kneels at the soul's sanctuary, for music strains seem to roll on nature's heaving breast, and the jewelled waves of wisdom move on to the morning skies of eternity. Then smile upon the image of God in humanity; and if the misdirected heart seem sinful, scorn not the divinity within, for love is the bride of heaven, the true angel of the soul. It is the heart-flower of the skies, the seraph-twin of wisdom. Then let not the heart mourn over the events of life; for, from deepest woe, infinite joy proceeds, and no heart can teach the love of the skies until it bleeds its life away in sacrifice. Yet a new born paradise is in the heart, and it is thrilled by music from the heavenly spheres. Angels guard its flowers sown by the rude winds of life. And from creation's fountain-head love's hidden spring shall start, and fragrance linger round its primal course. But stem the tide, Oh human hearts! and in the parched desert of thy human destiny, angel footsteps shall be imprinted in its burning sand, and they shall bring to thee the boundless wisdom of heaven and eternity's white dome shall expand before thy gaze, until thou mayest behold the beauty of its interior.

God, in his supernal glory, speaks in each flower that sheds its sweetness and thrills the heavenly air; and in all the material euphonies His love becomes soul-melodies, speaking from inspired eloquence. In the heart-life all beauty lies, and its elemental harmonies into outward wisdom flow, as a gift of Deity. The heart is beating on in its own magnetic sweetness; and when darkling clouds descend, it still hopes for the vernal beauties of eternity, when, in blended Deity, it for once exist in its own living beauty.

Spiritually,

MARY.

Lecture by the Spirit of Samuel Young.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

[REPUBLISHED.]

SCIENCE APPLIED TO RELIGION, AND CONTRASTED WITH MODERN THEOLOGY.

There never has been so much moral, mental and religious freedom manifested throughout the entire ages of earth's existence, as at the present age. There never have existed so much actual goodness and universal love, as now exist; and the period will be but brief till man shall realize his nearness to, and undying friendship for, that higher state of existence beyond the material world.

Science applied to religion, is unfolding from the principles of every theology the sublime and practical truth that all causes and effects, constantly going on in the unbounded universe of nature, must have

been created by some First Positive Cause; and the great problem to be solved, realized and comprehended, is: Is there an infinite and immutable Being whose organization is perfect? And if this Being is the original cause of all effects, science will again lead us to inquire: Is the originator of all causes and effects, a distinct individualized and eternalized Being, from whom all things derive their existence, and if thro' the Great Positive Mind, all actions, motions and principles of nature must first pass in order to arrive at a state of natural life in a material existence? In the structure of every universe there are manifested various geometrical proportions, harmonizing in order and completeness. Every particle of matter, every natural force and vital action, has its harmoniousness of position, density and movement in the unbounded empire of visible creation, and causes the reasoning and contemplative mind to inquire, what causes the reciprocal relation and cohesive attraction to exist between all atoms in being, and why are these atoms, from gravitation, eventually ultimated into higher embodiments of refined matter?

We perceive, again, the sublime chemical relations and the perfectness of individualized compounds, that embellish the vast expanse of universal nature. We admire the chemical and geometrical compositions, and their constant change of matter and life, together with the unvarying order and beauty of all ascending forms, from the simplest development to the intelligence of man. We behold, in the primitive manifestations and operations of all creations, a perfectness of development and the natural tendency of every atom in existence to separate or coalesce, according to the existence of corresponding relations.

In man are concentrated those principles of relation, equality and distributive justice, which constitute him a being of equal intelligence and perfectness of mental and spiritual organization. From the manifestations of progressive intelligence, man is above all created forms, and his faculties of reason, perception and wisdom, demonstrate him to be the highest embodiment and representative of universal creation, being from some invisible, natural law, distinct from all other individualized beings, capable of comprehending various truths and sciences, whereby his interior and external relations are determined, and his aspiring thoughts are enabled to meditate upon his eternal individuality.

Science proves that development is an integral element of the human soul; and, like every other associative faculty and element in the organization and mental construction of man, it develops itself into various forms and manifestations, so unfolding the innate principles of the human soul, that man is rendered capable of comprehending the world of matter and the world of mind. The same principle which unites any two particles, compounds or minds, constitutes the true religion of the human mind. Now, the idea springs up in the philosophical mind, if progression and development are the legitimate functions of visible and invisible creation, and are the ultimating power of refinement—if, by natural causes effects are produced in the mind, and if from an unknown source, man is still becoming more intelligent, are there not laws, causes or effects that make the germ of his interior being an eternalized and a distinct individual man or spirit, after the vital powers of the physical organization are exhausted by the absorbing influences of disease?

Man is an independent, free moral agent. There are no laws of God or nature that require him to place his soul in the protection of other minds. The elements and faculties of the human mind are more powerful, and the forces of the revolutions of the mind, are greater than the elements of nature. Hence, when the associative and attractive powers of nature absorb the matter constituting the physical organization, they cannot absorb the matter of the mental construction; for the matter of mind is stronger and more sublimated than the matter constituting the elements of nature. Therefore mind seeks mind. Mind is intelligence and seeks intelligence; and as it cannot longer retain its identity in the human form, it seeks the spiritual form, its identity being the same with all materialistic influence thrown off, and spiritual powers are substituted. The spiritual form is our anatomical development

and is a vital substance, possessing specific functions for the sustenance of spiritual life.

In the primitive ages of christianity, the human mind universally supposed that a certain class of deified men were constantly receiving unbounded knowledge from some unknown source; and the uneducated mind imposed upon itself, voluntarily, gloomy incarcerations and tyrannical ceremonies; but ages rolled by and mind became more intelligent, and demonstrated the inutility and untruthfulness of beliefs which had long been cherished by thousands of minds, and boldly and wisely investigated those mouldering foundations of religion. In past ages there were the pyramids, the catacombs and tabernacles, where superior minds were worshipped by inferior ones, as the true living power to save their souls from annihilation or perdition. Bring these darkened beliefs before the clerical profession of the nineteenth century, and they would produce discussions the most complex and unprofitable. Then those dogmas were not without an interior signification, for they were prophetic of the downfall of superstition and error, when mind should be developed to comprehend and appreciate the true laws of God and nature.

Prejudice has impeded the primary operations of true christianity, and it yet trammels the present operations of true religion, for it forbids man to apply science to God and a spiritual existence, whilst science and philosophy form the very foundation of true religion, and are the essential powers of unfolding to man the qualities and principles of his own mental and physical organization. Throughout the historical tissues of by-gone ages, the misdirected intellect became weary with such uncongenial religious sentiments, and the more strong and scientific mind unchained itself from religious bondage, whilst weak and prejudiced minds allowed themselves to be fettered, and assumed a position of positive antagonism. So in the nineteenth century we find man chained in bondage by theological creeds. The clergy are arrayed against the clergy, and followers against followers, but the general mind will gradually lose its sympathy for long revered and antiquated theology. It will look into its own qualities and discover there laws which govern every object of nature and creation, and will realize its mental and religious liberty.

In this day of science and wonder, men quail at the idea of applying science to religion; but should they reflect and contrast their belief with a scientific religion, they would behold more sublime beauties in the objects of nature; and when they saw the flower opening its petals to receive the refreshing dew drops, if they could meditate and interrogate the depths of their own mind, to know what principle was there established, they could find the legitimate expression of nature, and mental or spiritual culture exemplified.

If men would, when conveyed over vast bodies of water, study to know what principle caused wave to yield to wave, and what cause produced the warring of the elements of nature, instead of saying they belong to God and we must not know the source of their action or motion, they could find a nobler faith, a true religion established in their minds. No, they cannot consent to apply logic and science to spiritual existence; and thus the bigoted mind resolves itself into idolatrous adoration of a Supreme Being whom they know nothing of, and they daily, yea, hourly, are impeding the operations of His holy laws upon the human mind. They are crushing the word of God, the sacred embodiment of truth, by refusing to abide by His directions as they are engraved upon the human soul and all things animated by natural life, instead of referring to the unchangeable and immeasurable standard of nature and reason. Nature is the effect and God the cause, and not by direct or immediate design, but by the operations of His natural and immutable laws, the universal combinations of mind and matter are governed. Man should endeavor to conceive more expanded and elevated ideas of God, nature and the spirit world, and let the noble and glorious, benevolent and pure sentiments of his soul, flow out into higher conceptions of God. Truth and nature have been more fully revealed in this century than in past ages; but there is yet the powerful

restraints of social and civil life, and truth is trammelled by popular opinion. Yet in the secret chambers of the human heart there are feelings which appeal to the infinite and boundless love and wisdom of God, and seek for the causes and realities which adorn and beautify human existence.

Human conception is too limited to comprehend the development of earth, or to read the chronological history of the divine universe, whose immeasurable dimensions no mind but God's can compute, whose wondrous beauty and magnificence no words can express. Is there a future world? I behold my identity retained here, but I never saw God, and know not, except from reason and nature, that there is a God. But time is onward, and science will unfold, to every intellect, truths and laws now embodied within the bosom of nature, which set at defiance every theological superstition, and unfold to man the true character of God and His religion.

Truly yours,

S. YOUNG.

Private Correspondence.

We venture to publish the following extract of a letter from our esteemed friend and brother, Dr. JAMES P. GREVES, of Milwaukee.

After giving us the address of two subscribers, for whom he sent us the advance fees, and for which we thank him, (as we also do our worthy friend, J. E. CHADWICK, of Memphis, Tenn., for a similar favor,) he adds the following paragraphs:

"We have, for two Sabbaths, been favored with the services of our good brother S. J. FINNEY, of Ohio, who has lectured to large audiences, and with great acceptance. A movement is now making to secure him here permanently. He will lecture for us twice on the Sabbath, and during the week will lecture in the neighboring large towns and villages in the interior. Our audiences are now larger than any of the churches save the Catholics. I predict a good time for Milwaukee this winter. We shall raise by subscription not far from 1000 dollars to pay the salary of Br. FINNEY and pay contingencies.

"My kind regards to all my Buffalo friends. I cannot soon forget the happy hours I have spent among you, witnessing the many and convincing demonstrations from our friends 'on the other side of Jordan.' Remember me particularly to my good young friend, Miss CORA SCOTT.

Yours truly,

JAMES P. GREVES."

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO:—The following beautiful greeting was to-day sent from the spirit-land, through the mediumship of Miss Brooks, to a little social gathering of friends, at which she was present.

Buffalo, January 1, 1856.

J. J. F.

HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

Now, that another year has rolled forth from the bosom of the deep future; may each soul in its primal beauty and supernal wisdom, move on the white waves of truth; though the wind-swept shadows of error and wrong may be wafted across the bright oasis of each human heart.

Deity *thought* man into being, and each human form, whether beautiful or deformed, contains an archangel, whose existence is as long as time.

Write on the scroll of the interior wisdoms of the soul, the thousand smiles which thy kindness shall cause to play, in soft emotions on the countenance; and in eternity's bright home, shall be inscribed on each angel bosom: How changed is earth! Tears have melted into affection's onward current, and the chiselled features of each outward face express the full and perfect beauty of the Mighty Sculptor.

The landscapes of nature bear the impress of God; and as the coming year, like all other passing years, shall fade like an ember, into the ashes of the past, may each human heart pulsate with new life, and, gazing upward, exclaim: Chant on, ye seraph orchestra, your choral anthems to the Infinite Oneness, for the chords of my soul are divinely attuned to those liquid tones of melody which steal so softly from nature's electric lyre.

M. F.

For the Age of Progress.

MY FRIEND ALBRO:

The following obituary was given, through the raps, by Professor DAYTON, at my request. Little ELLA was a favorite of mine. Many a time have I gazed into her sweet countenance, on every lineament of which that image of God, the divinity within, was depicted as with the pencil of an angel. But she was too fragile a flower to stand the tedious winter of a protracted earth-life, and the friendly messenger of the skies severed the ligaments which held her to a finite existence, and ELLA, with angel attendants, sought her home in the universe of wisdom and love. And now has her cherub soul launched upon the deep ocean of thought, where, inspired by the anthems of angels and archangels, it will eternally ascend to higher and still higher beatitudes, through the infinite beyond, occasionally listening to the voice of love, and descending on radiant wings, to breathe the odor of consolation upon hearts which must shed the tear of silent grief when that tiny form is imaged on memory's canvas.

Indeed, even I, whose hope of immortality is forever fixed, could not but sigh when I saw that little form which I had so often caressed, quietly reposing in the deep slumber of change. I touched the fair brow, but it was cold, and the sculptor-hand of change seemed to have chiselled upon the features a smile so superhumanly placid and beautiful, that I fancied, for a moment, that ELLA was still there; but returning consciousness reproduced the reality; and my spirit seemed to follow thro' vast etherial regions, to the upper skies, where I beheld my favorite ELLA, an angel.

Very Truly,

SARAH.

ANGEL ELLA.

Little ELLA, the youngest child of E. S. and R. A. CHAMBERLAYNE, departed its physical form on the 23d inst., and winged its way to its primal source—eternity.

In those realms of the sky, one more little spirit has found its immortal elysium. It now clasps a celestial form of purity to its soul's bosom, while eternal brightness moulds its every attribute into the divinity of heaven. In eternity's expanded home, the sweetness of its little spirit is expressed, and the music chords of its being thrill with the melody of the spheres. The bright morning star of its immortality reflects its radiant glances through the soul's clear sky, and in heaven our fair ELLA, the pure and innocent, with the angel orchestra, is chanting the music sweet of heaven's primeval morn, and on wings of thought is exploring the grandeur of the skies.

How well do we remember, when rocked by the fond beatings of a mother's heart, ELLA, like a dew-flower, twined her affections around the tendrils of each heart, and nestled closely to a mother's bosom, fearing rude hands might snatch her from her home of love. As she was nurtured upon the lap of life, and as her little heart discoursed music which thrilled the human soul with lyric strains from the heaven of Deity, change, like a dove, slid into that fair breast, and cooed for its mate—immortality. And then change, like twilight to the weary flower, fell o'er the fair white bosom, and placed upon the brow the chaplet of eternity, and our ELLA outwardly faded. The pulse was still—the warm throbbing heart motionless—and well did we know that the fair dew-flower had, in splendor, risen to the Infinite Presence.

Another chord has been added to the harp of heaven, while ELLA's spirit, with grand seraphic splendor, in universal beauty beholds now the intellectual paradise of the skies, where light is born of love, and where thought in melodious strain, flows through each angel chime. There the heart-flower bloometh, and wisdom's notes are elicited from creation's electrical lyre, as if its chords were swept by a mighty wind.

In the universe of harmony, the soul of our little friend pants like a living heart, and laves its softened pinions in the sweetly flowing current of love, and gladly joins the angel choir, as it waves around the bright emerald truths of the Spirit Land. Waves of harmony flow

through the elemental splendors of the eternal world, and opes the brightness of immortality to the human heart, while angel voices echo and re-echo: God is in humanity.

Then check the pearly drop which urges itself up from the deep well-springs of the soul, for a form, light and beautiful, moves over trackless fields of eternal light, and the spirit of little ELLA, like the forest bird, is carolling its notes of joy to the Infinite Oneness, while it trembles to music's rising swell, when filled with angel harmonies. Like a fresh flower plucked from the garden of the outer world, that sweet infinite being was taken from its physical home, and another star, out-sparking the bright worlds of the outer heavens, rolls on in the sea of God's creative harmony. As night weeps itself into morning, so hath that little heart wept itself into immortality. The soul hath not changed, but its affections vibrate like the strings of a spirit lyre, and a little spirit unseen, speaks through the revelations of the harmonic soul, to those who are near and dear by affection's ties. And little ELLA shall sing in choral strains of the discord of the finite mind, until each quivering heart shall learn that it is a separate self in Great Nature's mother heart, thereby waking human life to ecstasy.

Then weep not for one so pure, but gaze upon her heavenly countenance as she gazes down from her angel clime, while harmony arches over heaven's bright dome, revealing the dual form of her celestial life. A new-born joy thrills on the lips and moves the angel bosom of ELLA, and yet would she come in evangel sweetness and nestle to her mother's heart, and chase away the crystal drop which has been forced to flow down her burning cheek, by ELLA's upward flight. Oh! weep no more. Let the little spirit go. It is free now from earth's corroding cares, and chording with the harmonies of inner nature, has only lapsed into immortality.

And, gentle mother, though the outward image of that little soul has drooped, let not sorrow spread its pall over thy heart; for down from the highest sky shall ELLA, a living entity, whose life and beauty is quickened by Deity, outshine her earthly innocence; and as you gaze upon the rudimental world, outrolled and enwrapped by the heart of God, remember golden tones of love descend from the upper skies, and encircle thy soul, while its innermost affections move on the spiral waves of progress, to the one expanded ocean of celestial life. And though human life has learned thee to brook sorrow's heedless flow, the inward inspiration of thy being enters the temple of its divinity, there breathing the silent, heart-felt prayer, to its God, still joyously hoping for a happy immortality.

In deepest tenderness does ELLA think of her mother. And the living channels of her being are not choked by material influence, and she can look down from her home above, and yet love those two darling little ones who yet are cherished on the lap of life, by the same warm hearts who love ELLA yet so fondly. And as spherical music undulates the atmosphere of the outer universe, the harp of nature shall vibrate with melody as its strings are swept by angel hands. And as the birds with rapture fly, carolling their notes of joy, so shall the spirit of our little ELLA move on heaven's transparent waves, whose voice, dissolving like music notes, shall fall in sweetest cadence, from her angel home.

PREJUDICE.

What is it? It is to know and judge of the human tree by its fruits. In other words, to know an ingrain scoundrel, by evidences presented through his whole course of life, and to doubt that a mere profession of faith in spiritual manifestations, or even a thorough conviction of their verity, has radically changed his nature, whilst he repents of nothing, but justifies all his acts of baseness. This is prejudice, in the estimation of some people, notwithstanding that they have heard from high authority, that devils, also, believe and tremble. Yes, some spiritualists seem to be of opinion that it is prejudice to withhold the hand of fellowship from an impersonation of debauchery, libertinism and the rankest moral baseness, because he speaks or writes flippantly in favor of spiritualism as a religious faith, without showing fruits meet for repentance.

Spiritual Performers and Musical Wonders.

Gov. N. P. Tallmadge not long since, in a communication to the *National Intelligencer*, testified to the following facts:

In June, 1853, after my return from New York, where I had witnessed many manifestations, I called on a writing medium in my neighborhood. A communication came through her to me, directing me to form a circle in my own family, and that a medium would be developed that would be all I could desire. I asked who it would be? It was answered a daughter. I asked which daughter, as I have four daughters. It was answered Emily. I was then directed, when a circle should be formed at my house, to put Emily at the piano. I asked, 'Will you teach her to play?' 'You will see.' Emily is my youngest daughter, and at that time about thirteen years of age. It is here proper to remark *that she never knew a note in music, and never played a tune on the piano in her life.* The reason is this: The country was entirely new when we moved here, and there was no opportunity at that time for instruction in music. She was instructed in other branches of education at home by myself or some other member of the family. I soon formed a circle in my own family, as directed. Emily took paper and pencil. Soon her hand was moved to draw straight lines across the paper till she made what is termed a staff in music. She then wrote notes upon it; then made all the different signs in music, about all which she knew nothing. She then threw down her pencil, and began to strike the table as if striking the keys of the piano. This reminded me that I had been directed to place her at the piano. I proposed it to her, and, though naturally diffident, she at once complied, and took her seat with all the composure and confidence of an experienced performer. She struck the keys boldly, and played 'Beethoven's Grand Waltz' in a style that would do credit to one well advanced in music. She then played many familiar airs, such as 'Sweet Home,' 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Last Rose of Summer,' 'Hail to the Chief,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Lily Dale,' &c. She then played an air entirely new, and sung it with words improvised or impressed for the occasion. New and beautiful airs continued to be sung and played by her, the poetry and sentiment being given as before. She was also soon developed as a writing medium, and I have received many beautiful communications through her, and of the purest religious sentiment.

I now add the following as cognate to the above: On one occasion I saw a young lady entranced, and in that state, with her eyes closed, she played on the piano from one to two hours, without intermission, in the most superb style. All the pieces played purported to be composed by spirits, and were never heard or played before. Amongst others was a 'dirge,' which, to my ear, surpassed any music of the kind I ever heard; and the music and style of playing it, were equal to what we understand of the most eminent performers and composers. She also played a 'battle piece,' never heard before. Nothing of the kind could surpass it. There was the approaches, the attack, the charge of cavalry, and parts representing the peculiarities of the French, English, Irish, Scotch, &c. The Scotch brigade came up under the music of the bagpipes; and it would seem impossible to give such a perfect imitation of the bagpipes on the piano. Afterwards came the burial of the dead, the slow and solemn music to the grave, the perfect resemblance of the beating of the muffled drum directly under the feet of the medium, the volleys of musketry, the booming of cannon at intervals in the distance, and the quick and lively air on the return. The eyes of the medium were closed during the whole performance. *The style of playing and the fingering of the instrument were entirely different, and the artistic skill far surpassed her playing in her normal state.* In truth, except under this influence, she had not the physical ability to play such a length of time without intermission. She purported to be influenced by some of the 'old masters.' The style of the music was changed from time to time, as if some new performer had just appeared. During the performance, the piano at intervals, and for fifteen or twenty minutes in succession, would beat time to the music by raising the two front feet from the floor, and still striking the floor so gently as not to disturb the music in the least. The piano was so large and ponderous that a strong man could scarcely raise the front feet from the floor.

On another occasion, while four of us, the medium being one, were sitting round the parlor fire, the piano on the opposite side of a large room was played with no human being near it. The performance was of the most splendid character. I have often heard Strakosch and De Mey-

er, and say, without hesitation, that in style and execution they never surpassed it. The piano was then closed by the spirits. The same music was repeated, with this difference only—that it was not so loud on account of the piano being closed. The piano was then opened by the same power, and played by striking the strings on the inside instead of the keys. Oh! what a wonderful thing is this 'odylic force,' that surpasses mind in making intelligence.

—We have to thank our friend H. J. THAYER, of South Stockton, for four subscribers, with advance fees. This is not the first favor of the kind which we have received from the same source. There are many other good friends whom we occasionally hear from in this way; and there are many more from whom we should be pleased to acknowledge such kindness.

Doctor Franklin a true Spiritualist more than One Hundred Years Ago.

The following letter from the great American Philosopher, we published, in another capacity, some years ago. We now find it in the columns of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, whence we transfer it to our sheet, to show that his teachings, then and now, are nearly identical:

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1753.

DEAR SIR—I received your kind letter of the 2d inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more serious service to you; but if it had, the only thanks that I should desire are that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance; and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. These kindnesses from man, I can, therefore, only return to their fellow men; and I can only show gratitude to God by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator. You will see by my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a place of happiness infinite in degree and endless in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so the happiness of heaven? For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it; but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God, who made and who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose Fatherly goodness I may well confide; that he will never make me miserable, and the afflictions I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit. The *faith* you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavor to lessen it in any man; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the *doers* of the word to the mere *hearers*; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but, nowadays, we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and that whoever omits them offends God.

B. FRANKLIN.

The Fate of Sir John Franklin.

*Arrival of a party direct from the Scene of his Sufferings—
Mementoes of the lost Navigators—Confirmation of their death.*

From the St. Paul Pioneer, Dec. 12th.

We enjoyed the pleasure yesterday of a lengthened conversation with Mr. James Green Stewart, a chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and learned from him interesting facts concerning an exploration of the Arctic region, lately made by a party under the joint command of himself and Mr. James Anderson, another employee of that company.

On the return of Dr. Rae, the celebrated overland explorer of the Arctic region, in the summer of 1854, bringing with him the report that the Esquimaux of the extreme northern latitudes had in their possession relics of the Franklin expedition, the British government determined to make one further effort to penetrate the mystery which had so long enveloped the fate of that expedition, and which had been partially solved by the information thus gained by Dr. Rae.

In furtherance of this desire of the British government to follow up the clue thus unexpectedly obtained by the adventurous explorer—to rescue, if possible, the survivors of any of the party of whites who were reported by the Esquimaux to have been seen near the outlet of Back's river, in latitude about 68 degrees north, or at least to procure any records they might have deposited—the Hudson's Bay Company was directed to fit out a party of tried men, accustomed to the hardships of a polar life, to explore the region indicated by Dr. Rae.

Acting under this command of the home government, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 18th day of November, 1854, issued instructions to Messrs. Stewart and Anderson to man and equip a party for the purpose stated. Mr. Stewart, with a party of fourteen men, therefore, started from his post, the Carlton House, in 54 degrees north latitude, on the 7th day of February, 1855, and proceeded to Fort Chipewyan, at the head of Lake Athabasca, in latitude 58 degrees north, at which point they arrived on the 5th day of March.

It had been determined to make the trip to the Arctic sea by water, so far as was practicable, and the party therefore remained at this post until the 26th May, busily engaged in constructing boats, and making other preparations for their dreary journey. At that date the party left Fort Chipewyan, and journeyed by canoe on the Peace river, which connects Lake Athabasca with Slave Lake, some three hundred and fifty miles in a north-westerly direction, till, on the 30th of May, they arrived at Fort Resolution, which is situated on an island in Slave Lake, about latitude 61 degrees north.

At Fort Resolution the party was joined by Mr. Anderson, who, with Mr. Stewart, had been appointed to the command of the expedition.—Here another delay was made, for the purpose of re-organization, and making the last preparations before attempting to penetrate the interminable frozen North. These arrangements completed, the party started out on the 22d day of June, for the head of Great Fish river, or, as it is known on the map, Back River, in latitude about 64 degrees north. Thence they followed the course of the stream to the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Stewart

represents the navigation of this river as exceedingly dangerous, being obstructed by over one hundred difficult rapids. Over all these, however, with nothing more substantial than birch-bark canoes, they passed in safety, and arrived at its mouth on the 30th of July.

Here they met with Esquimaux, who corroborated the reports of Dr. Rae, and directed them to Montreal Island, a short distance from the mouth of Back river, as the spot where, according to their instructions, they were to commence minute exploration. From this time until the 9th August, the party were industriously engaged in searches on the island, and on the main land, between 67 deg. and 69 deg. north latitude. We can not recapitulate the perils escaped and privations endured by the brave band while seeking to find traces of their countrymen who had perished on those desolate shores.

Three times they providentially escaped being "nipped," as Mr. Stewart expressed it, or crushed between moving mountains of ice. At last, on Montreal Island, where their explorations commenced, they found snow shoes known to be of English make, with the name of Dr. Stanley, who was the surgeon of Sir John Franklin's ship, the Erebus, cut in them by a knife. Afterwards they found on the same island a boat belonging to the Franklin expedition, with the name "Terror" still distinctly visible. A piece of this boat containing this name was brought along with him by Mr. Stuart.

Among the Esquimaux were found iron kettles corresponding in shape and size with those furnished the Franklin expedition, and bearing the mark of the British government. Other articles known to have belonged to the expedition, were obtained from the Esquimaux and brought by the party for deposits with the British government. No bodies however, were found, or traces of any. The report of the Esquimaux was, that one man died on Montreal island, and that the balance of the party wandered on the beach of the main land opposite, until worn out by fatigue and starvation, they, one by one, laid themselves down and died too.

The Esquimaux reported further, that Indians far to the north of them, who had seen the ships of Franklin's party, and visited them, stated that they had both been crushed between the icebergs. Mr. Stewart took especial pains to ascertain whether the party had come to their death by fair means or foul. But to every inquiry, the Esquimaux protested that they had died of starvation.

Gathering together the relics found, the party set out on their return on the 9th day of August last. The return route did not vary materially from that taken on their way north. Mr. Stewart has occupied the whole time since in reaching our city—having come by the way of the Red river country, and having been absent in all about ten months. Mr. Stewart left St. Paul yesterday *en route* to the Hudson Bay head quarters at Lachine, Canada, to submit an account of his adventures.

And so, at last, the mystery is solved. Brave Sir John, whose fate has awakened the sympathizing curiosity of the civilized world, it is now known "sleeps his last sleep," by the shores of the frozen seas through whose icy islands he had vainly sought to pass. Four winters back, as the Esquimaux said, the noble party, after escaping from the ships which could no longer float on those dangerous seas, found release from suffering in death—died manfully, too, as they had lived; bravely, like true Englishmen. This much we may believe, for consolation, that they met their fate as became spirits adventurous and noble. No traces were found by the Esquimaux to indicate that, even in their last extremity, they had forgotten their manhood, and preyed on one another.

The last party of generous hearts, who sought to carry succor to the lost ones or bring consolation to the living, are returned, and the Arctic wastes are solitudes indeed. And, in view of the suffering endured and the noble lives sacrificed in fruitless efforts to widen the bounds of human knowledge, we believe it to be the prayer of all men that so they may remain forever.

—It is a tremendous thought, that a human being, once born can never die! Although, at the setting of our earthly sun the physical part, like an old garment, is cast aside, yet onward lives triumphantly the real internal man. Earth is the seminary of the Spirit home. Here, we first begin to be. Here our rude mortal education is completed.

Here we cast aside all that is mortal in us, save certain transient mental conditions then onward and forever we go the ambassadors of infinite uses of eternal benefits. We should be properly born then as well as at properly educated.—A. J. Davis.

S. B. Brittan's answer to Mahan.

CHAPTER III.

SIX FALSE PROPOSITIONS.

It was intimated at the beginning of the last Chapter that we should be under the necessity of adopting a somewhat summary method in treating the claims of this work. Agreeably to our first intention, we will now pursue our examination of the author's general ideas and fundamental positions, rather than occupy our time and space with a discussion of particular incidents and statements. This book certainly contains some interesting facts, for which, however, the author is chiefly indebted to other sources than his personal experience and observation. The false logic with which he attempts to hold them together is undoubtedly his own; but as a cement for the disjointed parts of his theory, it is about as good as common sand. It may be wise to demolish even a new edifice when the foundations are ascertained to be insecure, or the superstructure to be loosely put together. Moreover, when such a work is to be performed, it may be well—provided the materials are really valuable—to begin at the top, and remove each brick or block separately, and with care; but if, on the contrary, the elements of which the structure is composed are in *risically* of little value, or if they have been *spoiled* by the bad taste and unskillful hands of the builder, it is not advisable to waste time by a slow process. Prof. Mahan's crazy superstructure threatens to fall of itself, even before we have time to strike a blow at its foundation. If it should tumble down and bury the proprietor in the ruins, those who have, in this case, endorsed for him, may console themselves with the reflection, that the materials he has either used or wasted will afford better security in any other shape.

At the very opening of the Second Part, Professor Mahan displays the same supercilious manner and dogmatic spirit which were observed to characterize the preceding portion of his work. We venture to predict that all intelligent and candid skeptics will condemn the book on this ground. The author's attempts to keep in the company of scientific men, and to forestall their opinions, are more amusing than successful. Indeed, he appears totally destitute of a scientific perception or appreciation of either the phenomena or the laws which have been developed in the course of the spiritual movement. We have not even a respectable apology for a calm and logical discussion of the essential facts and principles whereon the legitimate claims of Spiritualism securely repose; nor have we anything like a philosophical inquiry into the nature and capacities of the mundane agents to which such facts are referred in this book. But we have instead a tolerable statement of the author's opinions and prejudices; an unskillful evasion of the real grounds of the argument, together with a vast amount of dogmatism on points which no really scientific man professes to have demonstrated.

I quote the leading paragraph in Part II. It is a fair index to that portion of the volume, at the same time it is a most unscrupulous and unpardonable perversion of the real character and object of Spiritualism.

The tendency of human depravity, in all ages, has been to supplant the worship of "the incorruptible God" by that of "corruptible man, and birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." "In these last days," this same principle is being carried out, by attempting to substitute for the revelations of the spirit of this "incorruptible God," those of pretended spirits of corruptible men. No revelations which descend to us from this professed mission of "the spirits," lay claim to any higher origin. A revelation coming from the bosom and heart of infinity and perfection, absolutely adapted, in all respects, to meet perfectly the spiritual necessities of universal humanity, and revealing in its own nature and intrinsic adaptations, as well as in its external evidences, the clearest possible indications of its origin from no other cause than the spirit of God, is, if the mission of "the spirits" attains its end, to be supplanted by pretended revelations of the spirits of men, revelations as discordant in themselves as the jargon of Babel, having no adaptations to the necessities of humanity, in any form, physical, intellectual, or moral, and which are totally wanting, as we expect to show, in any positive claims to any connection whatever with any real spirits in "the spirit land," much less with those whose honest intention is to reveal nothing but the truth.

In this single paragraph no less than six distinct points are boldly assumed, not one of which is demonstrated in the whole book. This will more clearly appear if the author's assumptions are reduced to their proper form in an equal number of definite propositions, thus:

I. It is proposed [by Spiritualists, if we are to credit what this writer distinctly implies], to substitute the revelations of "corruptible men" for those of "the incorruptible God."

II. We have in the Bible a *perfect* revelation, which in all respects is perfectly adapted to the necessities of every man.

III. The Scriptures as a whole emanated "from the heart of Infinity"—"from the spirit of God."

IV. All the revelations contained in the Bible are to be "supplanted if the mission of the Spirits attains its end."

V. The modern revelations "have no adaptations to the necessities of humanity, in any form, physical, intellectual or moral."

VI. The current manifestations "are totally wanting . . . in any positive claims to any connection whatever with any real spirits in the spirit land."

The Reverend author is now fairly mounted on his own beast. On one side he bears his Creed, Ancient Authorities, Theological Dogmas, and Sacred relics, while on the other, as we shall see hereafter, he has suspended the Odyllic Force, Mesmerism, "Imagination, the principle of Conjecture or Guessing, and Clairvoyance," together with whatever else is unknown and incomprehensible, including his own arguments. Thus mounted and balanced, and armed with invisible weapons and terrors unheard of by the ancient equestrian order, he sallies forth. In this rash attempt to ride over our reason, and the common senses of men, he fairly rivals the renowned John Gilpin in his reckless haste and daring. Mark how he leaps to final issues, like some fearless cavalier in the grand steeple chase! He neither pauses nor turns aside when there are obstacles in the way. Indeed, as logical objections impose no restraints on fancy and locomotion, it follows that *there are no obstacles* when one has resolved to reach the goal by such means. Speaking seriously, and without a figure, I may observe, that the foregoing propositions are obviously all embodied in the author's first paragraph on the "mission of the spirits." Moreover, they are all presumed to be true and to be *self-evident*; and yet, not one of them is fairly sustained in this volume; not one of them can be logically vindicated. They are manifestly all *untrue*, and I know of no writer against Spiritualism who has asserted a greater number of false propositions in one paragraph, or one who has more signally failed in his attempts to defend them.

The unfounded assumptions of the learned President might be left precisely where they are, consistently with the righteous demands of the occasion. I should certainly be justified in passing them without further comment, inasmuch as they are unsupported by such a measure of evidence as is absolutely essential to their credulity. But being in a yielding mood to-day, and feeling a willingness to do more than the circumstances positively require, I will undertake to show that the several propositions comprehended in the paragraph from the Professor's book, are all essentially false.

I. It is virtually assumed that the Spiritualists as a body are determined to substitute the modern revelations of men for other revelations, which are declared to be "of God." This strange assumption has no better foundation than the author's own imagination. No rational spiritualist ever thought of *substituting* the modern revelations for any other God given word, any more than he thinks of his own dinner to-day as a substitute for what his father ate before he was born. He only wants to receive his own portion in due season, as the fathers did. The world is welcome to preserve a record of all its revelations. They are among the most vital elements in the history of successive eras and dispensations. But the Spiritualist may not know how to subsist comfortably, and to grow strong and beautiful on the *mere history of bread*, whether temporal or spiritual. We are positively neither disposed to rejoice nor to undervalue any demonstration of spiritual presence or power. My own conclusions respecting the origin, nature, and tendency of such manifestations, are determined by *their intrinsic character*, with little deference to particular times, seasons, localities or persons. Why should we regard these things, or indulge a special preference where none is indicated by the Divine economy? To the truly spiritual man, all time is sacred; all occasions are determined by the same universal Providence; all places are consecrated by the Divine presence; and all men are the children of one common Father. Moreover, if we assert the Divine Omnipresence, we express more than at first appears. In that assertion we also comprehend the truth, viz: the powers and forces of the Spirit World are universally diffused, and may, therefore, be operative here and elsewhere, throughout all time and space. The spiritual states of men do not depend on their local positions. Hell may be inside of one's threshold; and we know that Heaven is much less than three feet from each one of us; it is close to

the most abandoned outcast from human society. John saw its portals opened in an Island which is now a rendezvous for pirates. If the Great Spirit is here, his ministers are also present; the Spirit World is all around us, and we may confidently expect signs, admonitions, and other forms of instruction from that world. But they are not offered as a substitute for the revelations of any other time or people. On the contrary we demand for the inspiration of both ancient and modern times, and for the spiritual experiences of all ages and nations, an impartial examination and a rational judgment.

II. The Bible is *not*, "in all respects," a perfect revelation. On the contrary, it is fraught with numerous *imperfections*. Every biblical critic and theological student who knows half as much as he professes to, must know that all such claims are utterly preposterous. All that the Bible contains has come to us through the instrumentality of fallible men, who never were perfect whilst on earth, but often erred in thought, word and deed. Moreover, the ancient revelations are embodied in the language of mortals, which is not sufficiently flexible, cogent or comprehensive to express even the deepest emotions and the loftiest thoughts of men, who claim no infallible or Divine inspiration. The imperfections which belong to these channels or mediums of communication determine what is communicated, at least with respect to *form* and *degree*. But this is not all. The Bible does not even pretend to reveal truth on all subjects, nor does it disclose all the truth respecting any one subject of which it treats. It is therefore incomplete—*imperfect*. Jesus of Nazareth commenced teaching when he was twelve years old, but in about one hour we can read all that is left to us of his sayings; a few pages contain the record of the Acts of the Apostles: Paul, Peter, John, James and Jude, have between them left twenty-one brief epistles, addressed to the churches and their personal friends. But we have not yet told the whole truth. Of all the discourses delivered by the Apostles throughout the entire period of their ministry—some of them preached over thirty years—we have not so much as a complete report of a single sermon by any one of them. The few fragments that have come down to us, including the Sermon on the Mount, and other discourses by the Master, probably would not occupy more space than the last President's Message.

For the foregoing reasons, and many others which might be adduced were it necessary, we are authorized to say that no such perfect revelation exists. If these broken fragments of a great feast, originally spread for the Jews, contain all that we and mankind at large are capable of receiving—if they constitute a *full and perfect Revelation*—it inevitably follows that the Apostles labored a long time to little or no purpose, and that their successors in the ministry, for a period of nearly two thousand years, might have been more wisely employed. Nor is this all; if this Revelation is, in all respects, *perfectly adapted to the necessities of every man*, why have so many men been unable to receive it—why have they not been converted? The truth is, some men, like Thomas, require ocular demonstration, and they are now receiving what they most need. The *fact* that thousands, with the Bible in their hands, have been utterly faithless, and have lived and died without hope, proves that the Bible is not equally well suited to the demands of every phase of mind, and hence that it is *not perfectly adapted to the necessities of every man*.

III. The assumption that the canonical Scriptures all emanated "from the Spirit of God," in any other than that universal sense wherein all things are said to proceed from him, is grossly absurd and entirely indefensible. With many significant and sublime facts, prophecies and revelations, it contains much that is merely historical, and for which no "*ab extra* Spirit-cause," or Divine inspiration, is either claimed by the authors themselves, or required by the necessities of the case.

IV. The idea that new and veritable disclosures in any department of human inquiry are likely to "supplant" any previously revealed *truth*, is a stupid fallacy, begotten and cherished by men who have no real confidence in the truth itself. The enemies of progress have long been accustomed to raise the alarm whenever a new discovery has been announced to the world. Ever and anon some hireling cries *wolf!* some folks are frightened, but there is no harm done. According to these false prophets, the word of God, true Religion, and our *eternal Life* are always on the point of being lost, or of coming to an untimely end. The Copernican system was opposed to the Bible; Geology fell out with Moses; Phrenology undertook to disprove the doctrine of moral agency and accountability; the use of anodynes in fevers, and of chloroform in obstetrics and dental surgery, was at war with the Divine Providence which causes pain;

and, finally, all the mischief which the aforesaid devices of the devil have not done already, is now to be accomplished, "*if the mission of the Spirits attains its end.*" Such ridiculous bugbears may enable Prof. Mahan to excite the fears of small children, and a few clerical old ladies who reside in the rural districts and live on theological dry toast; but he surely will not disturb the equanimity of sensible men and women, unless they lose their patience in contemplating the author's fallacies and follies. When an author in the middle of the nineteenth century, who has been President of a University, stoops to make such an appeal to the fears of the weak, and the prejudices of the ignorant, he should not presume to dishonor Science by using her name and wardrobe to dignify the farce. But we are happy to know that the truth will outlive the apprehensions of its most timid friends and foes. No life-preservers, salamander safes, or policies of insurance are required to preserve its existence, for the fire can not burn it nor the floods drown it. Further, it is not necessary to get the truth *patented*, because not a single truth, recognized in any age of the world, can be superseded by any subsequent discovery. We are greater than our accidents, and all men are destined to outlive their errors in this world or some other.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

V. The assumption contained in the fifth proposition is proved to be false by numerous facts and witnesses. Our present references will be *general*, but should Prof. Mahan require particular examples, embodying names, localities, and circumstances, they will be furnished hereafter.—For our present purpose the following summary statement will suffice.

1. Diseased persons who were regarded as incurable by ordinary professional modes, have been restored to health. 2. Many individuals have been mysteriously admonished of approaching danger; several having been taken up bodily, or otherwise suddenly moved out of the way of impending destruction. 3. Others, being spiritually influenced, have avoided collisions on railroads, explosions, shipwrecks and various disasters by land and sea. 4. Dishonest debtors have been compelled to leave home, and to travel hundreds of miles in search of those whom they had defrauded; and they have been *forced* to cancel the claims of their creditors. 5. Men who were formerly addicted to profanity, gambling, intemperance, tobacco chewing, and other vicious or injurious practices, have been arrested and reformed. 6. Bar rooms have been closed by the direction of Spirits, and the proprietors have been induced to abandon the traffic in intoxicating liquors. 7. Unprincipled men and lewd women have been developed as mediums, or otherwise assured of the presence of Spirits, and by this means have been taken from houses of prostitution and led forth into the walks of virtuous society. 8. Persons while under spiritual influence have been mysteriously moved and guided into strange places, where they have found others ready to perish with hunger, cold, or from some other cause; and such persons have been saved from further suffering—perhaps from death—by the timely discovery of their situation. 9. Many ignorant persons have been educated by spiritual interposition and influence, and have thus become acquainted with the facts and laws of material and spiritual existences. 10. Hundreds of so-called infidels have been converted to a belief in the revealed religion. 11. Those who once found room to work within a sort of seven-by-nine system of faith and philosophy, have at length been taught by spirits that the world is all outside of them, and that heaven and earth contain many things not dreamed of in their old faiths and philosophies. 12. Thousands who some time since, were sorrowful and without hope in the world, now rejoice with joy unspeakable in the assurance of a happy immortality.—Every part of the preceding statement is strictly true, and can be triumphantly vindicated by a reference to particular examples. Are they demanded? Whether Spiritualism has any "adaptations to the necessities of humanity, in any form, physical, intellectual or moral," is now left to the reader's decision.

VI. There is nothing in the sixth proposition so conspicuous as the overweening confidence of the author. He boldly asserts that *the manifestations are totally wanting in any positive claims to a relation with departed Spirits*. Among those who have examined the facts, and weighed the reasons, which illustrate the principles and support the claims of Spiritualism, at least nine out of every ten persons have arrived at a very different conclusion. Not less significant is the fact, that among those who openly acknowledge the claims of the phenomena to a spiritual origin, are many men who have as much learning and sagacity as Professor Ma-

han, and who have been far more thorough in their investigations. Men of extensive acquirements, who think profoundly on all other subjects, who classify facts with scientific precision and order, who scrutinize and estimate the value of human testimony with uncommon care and severity, have at last been overwhelmed with conviction, and forced, against their temporal interests and the prejudices of education, to refer these mysterious phenomena to a foreign, intelligent and spiritual agency. We have only to add in this connection, that a more intimate personal acquaintance with the occult powers of the Spiritual World and the inner life, will probably, at some future time, lead our author to the same conclusion.

Man Was Made to Mourn.

A DIRGE.—BY ROBERT BURNS.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter's sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours;
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which ten-fold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That, weary laden mourn!

Vacant Churches and idle Preachers.

The Presbyterian *Herald* published at Louisville, Kentucky, after enumerating some forty or fifty vacant churches in the West belonging to the Presbyterian denomination, says:

"There seems to be either too many great churches or too few great men, as there are quite as many ministers without churches as churches without ministers. Theological Seminaries ought to educate more great preachers, or the supply will not keep pace with the demand."

To the above might have been added the no less important fact that one-half or two thirds of the churches that are supplied with preachers, have very slim congregations, and very many of them have scarcely strength enough to keep together. The suggestion that "Theological Seminaries ought to educate *great men*" is a good one, and points directly, we think, to the root of the evil that is now depopulating the churches, both as regards preachers and people. Trustees who have charge of Seminaries should exercise such discretion as would effectually exclude from the pursuit of Theological studies men naturally deficient in talent, and destitute of common sense. Had this rule been adopted long ago, the number of idle preachers, vacant churches, empty pews, and poor congregations, would not be one hundredth part as great as it is now. But Theological Seminaries, like all other public institutions, desire to make a show as to usefulness if they can do no better; and hence all applicants are admitted, and the field is overrun with men too lazy to work, and incapable of making a living by their brains.

The Church might as well begin to understand that we live in an age of intelligence, and that our country is populated, to a great extent, by an active thinking people; and to draw these people within Church influence there must be an active, intelligent and able Ministry—men who will preach as did Chalmers, and other equally great theological celebrities—men who, by their eloquence and ability, will attract people to the Church. The majority of the preachers of the present day exercise an influence the opposite of this, rendering the house of worship unacceptable to all, except the few who are led by a sense of religious duty to attend upon the services of the sanctuary. If the preaching of the gospel is to be instrumental in regenerating the world, it must be obvious to every observing mind that this can not be effected until a vast improvement takes place in the instruments employed.

Another great deficiency in the preaching of the present day is the dry formality and artificial services of the pulpit. In olden time, preaching was understood to be one thing, and reading quite another; but now, reading is substituted for preaching, and the latter is practiced by perhaps one in one hundred of the pulpit occupants. A celebrated Western divine was not long since applied to for advice by a young graduate of a Theological Seminary, when the former charged him that it was one thing to *preach* and another thing to *read*; that reading fell

very far short of preaching; and wound up by exhorting him never to read a sermon from the pulpit.

It would be a difficult matter, we imagine, to find an example in the Bible justifying the reading of sermons as now so universally practised.

It would be vain to study the records of the history of the great Pentecostal excitement for a precedent: written discourses never moved the masses as they were moved on that occasion. Paul could not have subdued the people of Athens into silence as he did when he stood in the midst of Mar's hill and told them of their idolatry, had he read his discourse, nor is it at all probable that Felix would have trembled as he did under the appeal of Paul, when the latter was a prisoner at his bar, had that appeal been read, instead of spoken as it was, with surpassing eloquence and force.

In view of these facts, conductors of Theological Seminaries should, in the first place, *preach* themselves, and, in the next place, educate their students to *preach*. The latter, too, should be impressed with the importance of understanding the world, in order to labor effectually in it. If these considerations were properly regarded, young men would not be shut up in dens, and there educated and drilled in languages, composition and theology, and thence sent out to work in a world and among a people of whose every day actualities they know but little. This matter is fully understood by doctors, lawyers, and all classes of professional men, except ministers; and this exception is well calculated to force home upon the mind the Divine expressions, that the "children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

"Dr. Dods a Spiritualist."

MESSRS. EDITORS: I saw an article with the above caption in your last paper, stating that I was a Spiritualist, and calling me, *if true*, to announce it over my own signature. I grant, that it is but an act of justice and honor on my part to admit before the public, that I am a Spiritualist. You say, that "Dr. Dods, whose work entitled 'Spirit Manifestations Examined and Explained,' and which was grasped with such eagerness by the opposers of spiritualism, now feels compelled to admit the inadequacy of his theory of psychological hallucination to account for all the current phenomena which claim a "Spiritual origin."

The theory advocated in my book, I grant has been extensively received by the Christian community, and endorsed by many of the ablest divines in this country who have addressed me upon the subject. The book embodies, as your paper last summer admitted, the only plausible theory by which spiritualism can be assailed. The grand principles of my book I consider sound, and have never been successfully assailed. I admit throughout the book, that there are certain facts stated by Judge Edmonds and others, which, if real, my philosophy does not cover; and I there say, "Convince me of Spiritualism, and my philosophy (that is, so far as it goes,) is still true. I shall in this case move my position one step farther back, and contend that Spirits act through the cerebellum (the back brain) of the medium, to produce any communication to mortals." If this be not so, then in what sense can he be a medium? for "medium" only means an individual through whom the Spirit acts or communicates. Spirits certainly do not act through the cerebrum (the front brain) which contains the reasoning faculties, because immortals do communicate what lies far beyond the grasp of the medium's reason and understanding. Let a few things be struck out of my book, and it embodies what is now my philosophy of Spirit Manifestations, or even of the inspiration of the prophets. My book contains a new system of mental philosophy, unless as Professor Bush in his review of it says, I have been in some points preceded by Swedenborg. But I have never read his works, nor borrowed an idea from them.

Yes, I am a Scripture Spiritualist; and let not my friends, for one moment, suppose that I renounce the Bible. I am aware by this avowal

I shall receive cool treatment from many friends, and expose myself to public ridicule by many of those whose confidence I have long enjoyed. I retired from the lecturing field about five years ago, except to deliver an occasional lecture, and hence am not in a condition to defend myself against promiscuous newspaper assaults, for I have no time to write. Let not my silence, therefore, be construed into an inability to defend the position I have taken. I desire merely to enjoy my faith undisturbed, as I have no wish to meddle publicly with Spiritualism, or to hold any private letter correspondence upon the subject.

I would give my reasons for embracing Spiritualism, and state my whole experience; but as it would require a full hour's reading, I have no time to attend to it. And indeed I must, for the present, be excused, as the facts of my experience are in many respects too startling—too wonderful for human credulity. I do not decline on account of any fear that I can not meet the objections of the opposers of Spiritualism. I feel myself fully able not only to do this, but to satisfy any clergyman that he must be a Spiritualist, or deny the existence of God and divine revelation.

Sincerely yours, for ever,

JOHN BOVEE DODS.

Later.

A CARD FROM DR. DODS.—Dr. Dods would respectfully say, to his numerous friends and acquaintance, who have access to the *Telegraph*, that he is so situated at present, that it is impossible for him to answer the numerous letters of inquiry addressed to him on the subject of his present views—the cause of his becoming a Spiritualist, and how he reconciles his present belief with what he has published in his book, etc. They will not attribute his silence, or any seeming neglect on his part, to any intended disrespect toward them. He can only assure them, that he is an honest and undoubting believer in Spiritual intercourse between the departed and their friends on earth.

How England is Warmed.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF THE GULF STREAM UPON THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.—In noticing Lieut. Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," an English Review thus illustrates the benefit which the climate of England derives from the Gulf Stream:—

Modern ingenuity has suggested a well known method of warming buildings by means of hot water. Now the north-western parts of Europe are warmed in an exactly similar manner by the Gulf Stream.—The torrid zone is the furnace, the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico the boilers; the Gulf Stream the conducting pipe; from the banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the great hot-air chamber, spread so as to present a large surface. Here the heat, conveyed into the warm air chamber of mid-ocean, is taken up by the prevailing west winds and dispersed over our own and other countries where it is so much required.

Such in short is the effect of the Gulf Stream upon our climate that Ireland is clothed in robes of ever green grass, while in the same latitude on the American side of the Atlantic is the frost bound coast of Labrador. In 1851 the harbor of St. Johns, N. B. was closed with ice so late in the season as June; yet the port of Liverpool, two degrees north, has never been closed by frost in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which, in every other part of the world is doomed to perpetual sterility.

The benefit thus conferred on our country by the Gulf Stream is a remarkable accident in our condition. It obviously depends on the Gulf of Mexico continuing to be a Gulf, which, however, it might cease to be. A subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama to the extent of two hundred feet—and such subsidences have taken place in Geological times all over the world—would allow the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass into the Pacific instead of being reflected across back to our coasts. Britain would then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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APOLOGY.—Our paper was delayed a day, by an accident.

The New Year.

This being our first issue since the commencement of the year of our Lord, 1856, we hope our patrons will not think it too late for us to greet them with **HAPPY NEW YEAR!** and wish them the enjoyment of health and prosperity throughout the year which is now but four days old, and as much longer as they shall see fit to follow the guidance of wisdom, in the path of righteousness. And we aver that it is not a mere formal greeting of the season that we aim at; but we do most ardently desire that each one of our good friends, bad friends and enemies, may be placed under the protection of some kind angel, who will secure repentance and reformation to those who need them, safety to their persons, peace to their borders, harmony to their domestic circles, tranquility and joy to their minds, and a full measure of plenty to the reward of all their endeavors.

The year 1855 has passed into the tomb of bygone ages, but it has left a record of facts which can never be obliterated, not even by the wreck of worlds. The proud monarchies of Europe have been doing much towards reducing each other to the state of humiliation which is their due and destiny, and which is necessary to prepare them to enter upon the moral and religious revolution which has commenced in this portion of the earth, and which must progress till the whole family of man is redeemed from ignorance, error and woe. In our own country, there has been a political retrogression, and an apparent strengthening of that monster curse which blights the prosperity, tarnishes the fame, and weakens the sinews of the nation. But we look upon these circumstances as we do upon the cavalier who spurs his charger from the moat which he intends he shall leap, that he may gather sufficient impetus in returning, to insure success. If war is necessary, in order to secure the abatement of that great moral nuisance, the enslavement of millions of human beings, we shall have it—even if an intestine war is necessary to that end, we must have it, for it must and will be abated. It stands in the way of moral and religious progress in this country, and it must be removed.

The year which has just fallen into the abyss of past ages, has removed twenty-five millions of souls from the first to the second state of human existence. The most of these millions—perhaps twenty-four of them—were not fit to go there, and have to return to the rudimental sphere, in their spirit forms, to get the experience and teaching which they should have had before their transition. This, though not torment, is by no means a happy state of existence; and it is to obviate the necessity of remanding so many millions to the rudimental sphere, that the spirits have undertaken the great work of regeneration which they have commenced on earth. And they have accomplished more in the year which has just expired, in convincing incarnate minds of the truth of spiritual existence and the immortality of the human soul, than has been accomplished in any hundred years, from the commencement of the Christian era, to the middle of the present century.

The stride which the spiritual philosophy has made, onward and upward, since the commencement of the year which has just run off of the reel, is a subject of the highest congratulation to every mind which is capable of appreciating it, and which is not blinded and fettered and enslaved by the false teachings of bigoted and salaried orthodoxy.—And the prospect for the year which has just stepped upon Time's

trundling car, is a subject of still higher congratulation; for every day weakens the powers which are arrayed against the truth, and strengthens the hands of its champions, with encouragement from around and above them, and with constantly augmenting forces in the field of yet bloodless combat. Then let us be joyful and look through the thin clouds of darkness which brood over us, to the bright sun-light beyond.

Politeness.

The genuine article is not only a great source of happiness to persons who possess it, but it generates more kindly feelings in all those with whom they hold social intercourse, or with whom they have business connections. Like the most valuable coin, however, it is exceedingly liable to be counterfeited by knaves, so that superficial observers frequently take the spurious for the genuine. Not only are these fraudulent imitations rife in society, but many other things are christened politeness which have none of its qualities. Pride is a very awkward mimic of politeness. True politeness is friendly, courteous, affable and pleasant, not only allowing, but enforcing others to participate in the amenities which are its constant attendants. The starched formalities of pride which are attempted to be cast in the mould of politeness, have nothing of its pleasing countenance, nothing of its social affabilities, nothing of its winning graces, nothing of its honest sincerity.—They are cold, selfish and exclusive, courting observation and repaying civility with superciliousness.

When austere sanctimoniousness deigns to bend its stiff vertebral joints, and light up its hyperborean countenance with a smile, for the benefit of a favored son or daughter of earth, it conceives itself to be the very impersonation of politeness; whereas its very atmosphere is paralyzing to all social affections—chilling to all the sympathies of the soul. It is not thus with piety. Genuine piety is ever cheerful, social, urbane, warm-hearted, charitable. Piety and politeness are never incompatible, never on bad terms, always reciprocally tolerant, and frequently united in joint endeavors to smooth the rugged path, and soften the acerbities of social life. The fopling with his tasselled ebony cane, with his tuft protruding from his upper lip, with his affected enunciation and his Miss-Nancy gentility, is well convinced that he has reached the acme of politeness. But as this spurious coin is always impressed with the bust of Stultus, it can never pass for more than the value of its brass.

Politeness will not serve the wearer, if it be only put on occasionally, like sabbath-day apparel. He or she who thinks to keep it for an extra dress, to be worn to assemblies or to receive company in, will be awkwardly fitted and ill at ease, on all such occasions. It must be worn at all times, on all occasions, at home as well as abroad, or it never will set well. It is the easiest thing in the world to detect politeness which is kept for a holiday suit. If the reader ever observed the awkward appearance of a country lad, who had never been dressed in any thing but the tow trousers and linsey-woolsey jacket which he hoed corn and potatoes in, and who, for the first time, was dressed in new broad-cloth coat and pants and satin vest, he can tell something of the awkwardness of one in a holiday suit of politeness. The country lad thinks he must walk differently with his new suit on, and he dictates some new motion to his legs which they had never performed before. They attempt obedience, and their performances are frequently trying to the most sober gravity. What to do with his arms and hands he cannot tell for his life; and when he sits down and straightens out his pedal extremities, at an angle of sixty degrees, and rests them on the edges of his boot heels, the tail of his coat is receiving many permanent wrinkles by serving him for a cushion.

Quite as awkward as he do those persons appear who only practice politeness on what they deem to be necessary occasions. Then it is not natural; it is not easy; it is all stiffness and affectation. Their whole deportment must then be subjected to a metamorphosis. Their enunciation must be modified; their language must be selected with

care; words must be used which form no part of their every-day conversation, and, from want of practice, they are liable to make gross mistakes in both pronunciation and application. In fine, the greatest blunderer and the most ludicrous character in the social circle, is he or she who practises politeness only on certain occasions, and deems it imperative to do it then. Better, far better, not to attempt it at all. Greatly better still, to practice it at all times and in all places.

A truly polite man is agreeable to every one, whilst he who essays politeness occasionally is never successful and makes himself an intolerable bore. A man can tolerate even a dun, if it come in the guise of easy good-natured politeness, whereas he might be strongly tempted to kick a boorish and insolent bearer of a catalogue of *dittos* out of his house.

In conclusion, let us say to parents, that the best, most ornate and cheapest accomplishment, for their sons and daughters, is politeness, providing it shall set upon them like well-fitting garments, and appear to proceed from natural gentleness, urbanity, and decorum. And in order that it shall be thus well-fitting, and truly ornamental, it is necessary that it shall be, as it were, ingrain, growing with their growth and maturing with their maturity, and not an adscititious superficiality, clumsily spread on, to cover the boorishness resulting from want of early culture, which no covering, no effort, can successfully conceal from observation.

The Case of Sly who murdered Matthews.

We were about to observe that it is astonishing to witness the avidity with which every act proceeding from the derangement or bad organization of intellect, is seized upon by a certain portion of the press of this country, and impressed into the unhallowed service of those who battle against Spiritualism, and labor continually to bring reproach upon it; but second reflection brings to our mind the conviction that we should not be astonished at any such result; because the advent of Spiritual truth lays the axe at the root of that enormous tree, whose branches have overspread all the civilized world, and whose fruit is the support of millions who have, from remote past ages, held the key of knowledge, and the influence which wields all power, political and ecclesiastical. This world-wide power (orthodox christianity) is now fully aroused to a sense of the danger which hangs over it, and ultimate annihilation stares it in the face. It is, then, no wonder that religionists who control the columns of public journals, labor daily to cast approbrium upon the Spiritual effort to redeem mankind from the reign of ignorance and the influence of lying priest-craft. Nor is it any wonder that those blackguards, debauchees—mere masses of moral leprosy, who have no religion, no morals, no principle, but who, Dalgetta-like, are ready to fight in any cause for hire, should hold themselves ready, not only to propagate infamous falsehoods, but to coin them and swear to them. Nothing of this nature, we say, should now be any matter of amazement.

It was no longer ago than one day last week, a daily journal, of this city, (the *Commercial Advertiser*), which hundreds of Spiritualists support with their patronage, published an account of the late murder at New Haven, and audaciously, falsely and villanously attributed it to Spiritualism. To show its malignity, we copy its editorial remarks, in which another case is alluded to, which the reader will find explained in another article. Here are the *Commercial's* remarks on this subject:

"DREADFUL EFFECT OF SPIRITUAL DELUSION.—The account which we publish of a horrible tragedy in Connecticut, ought to impress indelibly on the mind of the reader, the dangerous and fatal tendency of the miserable fanaticisms which are at present so rife. The lesson will have a greater effect from the fact that we have now in this city a most melancholy instance of the pernicious consequences of yielding to these miserable delusions. A highly respectable, and most estimable and benevolent lady of this city, now lies a perfect mental wreck (if, indeed, she still survives) from the baneful influence of the execrable "Spiritualism," which, we regret to say, finds too many disciples in our midst. God forbid that we should feel any emotions but those of tenderness and pity, for the poor deluded victims of this accursed fanaticism; but we cannot restrain our indignation towards the incarnate devils, whose dishonest tricks are desolating the once happy homes of persons whose only fault is a too easy credulity."

What a desecration of terms for such a malignant—such a demoniac spirit as the one which conceived the above slander, to talk about "emotions of tenderness and pity." Sooner let the foot pad talk of tenderness, as, under the black pull of night, he plunges his dagger into the vitals of the way-farer.

In the New York *Daily Times*, we find the subjoined details of the New Haven murder. It will be seen that, instead of these miserable fanatics being Spiritualists, they have a religious system of thirty years standing, which recognized all the stultifying dogmas of orthodox christianity. This account, in which there is no pretence that the partially demented offenders were Spiritualists, will be found hereto appended. The *Times*, though sufficiently rabid against Spiritualism to take any advantage of the circumstances to cast reproach upon it, has too much regard for truth and honor to make any such insinuation as is contained in the above extract from the Buffalo paper, although it has an editorial on the subject, a full column long.

THE NEW HAVEN TRAGEDY.

Sly's Confession of Guilt—Singular Revelation by the Prophetess—Verdict of the Coroner's Jury.

We published yesterday the confession of Samuel Sly, in which he admitted having killed Justus Matthews. The New Haven *Journal and Courier* gives the following additional evidence taken before the Coroner's Jury:

While giving the account of the whole affair, Sly seemed desirous of telling the truth without hesitation. He kept the Bible in his hand all the time, and frequently said during the confession, that he narrated the facts "in the fear of the Lord." He appeared extremely nervous, and any noise in the room seemed to disturb him very much. This nervousness appeared to be a constitutional difficulty. He said he was born in 1803, and is now nearly 52 years of age. He said that when four years of age he received a cut upon the head, which injured his brain considerably. In consequence of this he seemed unable to collect his ideas as readily as was oftentimes desired by the Jury.

Sly had made a clean breast of the whole affair to Sheriff Parmelee in the morning, and manifested a desire to tell the whole to the Jury. This declaration was made to the Sheriff voluntarily, and without being desired to do so.

Mrs. Rhode Wakeman (the prophetess) called and sworn.

This witness is the founder of the sect called the "Wakemanites," and is a wonderful specimen of the human species. She came in closely veiled, and is the very personification of the wonderful women that lived in Salem in the sixteenth century.

I shall be 70 years old next November—have lived in New Haven 17 years—have had 17 children, nine of whom are now living; have been a widow 20 years. I formerly resided in Greenfield—then moved to New Haven; my brother has also resided here; he is about 50 years of age. I have been a "messenger" from God about 30 years; experienced religion at that time and walked with Jesus Christ ever since; first experienced religion because my husband abused me and I expected to die and he finally killed me. After my husband killed me I was dead seven hours and then raised; two angels stood beside me when I went to Heaven and touched me with their bright swords and I rose again; saw there all that was dead, and there they were under the cloud of death; when I was there this cloud parted, and my spirit went one way and theirs the other; they all then held up their little right hands, and I rejoiced. The two angels turned to me and then I went up to Heaven; there was a red light and many white clouds there; Christ came to me when I was in heaven, with his nails in his hands, and spoke peace to my soul. Because he spoke peace to my soul I raised up, and another spirit came to me and spoke, saying: "Make your peace with God." I then kept on praying; he soon took me to Paradise and told me all about Adam and Eve, and all the other spirits. This light then came on me so that I had to look up, and the spirits said I was numbered as one of them; was taken up to heaven from this place of light, and then saw Christ and all the holy angels; Christ had on the thorns and looked as he was when crucified; then saw God sitting upon his throne in all his glory. About the throne were all the angels in their white robes, and they were all happy spirits there. This spirit then came and took me back to earth, and when I got back to earth again I saw my dead body lying on the floor. I felt bad because I had

come back to this wicked world to live again. I soon saw my wicked husband, who said, "By God, she's raised!" Soon after I saw two angels who came to me and spoke to me kindly, and then Christ appeared to me and I fell down before him. And oh! how happily I felt! and how happy I then was! I went to God with my case last night, and had a revelation from Him. That man was in league with the devil. He (meaning Matthews) got his evil spirit from Amos Hunt. Hunt attempted to poison me. (She went on and gave a long, rambling account of Amos Hunt's poisoning her.) The first thing I knew of the murder was when they came up stairs searching for a hatchet. I knew that my brother had a stick of witch-hazel in the house. He sells the bark and lives by so doing. I was sick that night and expected to die, and asked them to take Matthews out of the house. He had such a bad spirit that he was taking away my divine spirit, and killing me by it. Amos Hunt was the man of sin, and he put his spirit on Matthews. If I should die the judgment would come! This man of sin cursed God, and when he died there was a black spot on the throne of God! In my revelations from God, last night, He said, if I was condemned in this case the world would be immediately destroyed! In this revelation I was told by God that my brother did kill Matthews, and that he did it to save the world!

This singular revelation here closed, and the "messenger from God" (as he calls himself) was taken back to jail.

The Jury then returned the following verdict:

We, undersigned Jurors, being empaneled and sworn to inquire of the cause and manner of the death of Justus W. Matthews, late of Hamden, found dead at the town of New Haven, on the 24th of December, A. D. 1855, at the house of Rhoda Wakeman, and whose death was by violence—having viewed the body of the deceased, and duly and carefully considered the evidence presented to us, do on our oaths say that the said Justus W. Matthews came to his death at the aforesaid house, on Sunday night last, December 23d or 24th, 1855, between the hours of twelve and four o'clock, from wounds received by him, on his neck, head and breast, which were inflicted upon him then and there by a stick, a knife and a fork, in the hands of Samuel Sly, of said town; and the Jury also find Thankful S. Hursey, of said town, accessory before and after the death,

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Prof. Morse, the author of the magnetic telegraph, delivered a speech at St. John's recently, in which he gave an interesting reminiscence of his early telegraphic troubles.

"The bill for establishing a line," he says, "was before Congress, had passed the House, and was on the calendar of the Senate, but the evening of the last day had commenced with more than one hundred bills to be passed before mine could be reached. Wearied with anxiety and suspense, I consulted with one of my Senatorial friends; he thought the chance reaching it so small, that he advised me to consider it as lost.—In a state I must leave you to imagine, I returned to my lodgings to make preparations for returning home the next day. My funds were reduced to a fraction of a dollar. In the morning, as I was about to sit down to breakfast, a servant announced that a young lady desired to see me in the parlor. It was the daughter of my excellent friend and college classmate, the Commissioner of Patents. She called, she said, by her father's permission, and the exuberance of her own joy, to announce the passage of the telegraph bill at midnight, but a moment before the Senate's adjournment.

This was the turning-point of the telegraph invention in America. As an appropriate acknowledgment for her sympathy and kindness, a sympathy which only a woman can feel and express, I promised that the first line of telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, should be indited by her. To which she replied, "I will hold you for your word." In about a year from that time the line was completed, and everything being prepared, I apprised my young friend of the fact. A note from her enclosed this despatch: "What God hath wrought." These were the first words that passed upon the electric wires, on the first completed line in America. None could have been chosen more in accordance with my own feeling. It baptized the American Telegraph with the name of its author. It placed the crown of success and honor where it belonged.

Spirits running a railroad Train.

The *Old Colony Memorial*, published at Plymouth, narrates an incident

which is sufficiently marvellous to please the most ardent believers in "signs and wonders." It states, as a matter of common notoriety at Plymouth, that during the summer months, between three and four o'clock in the morning, there was regularly and distinctly heard upon the railroad the whistle as of an approaching train. As it was well known, however, that no train passed over the road at such a time in the morning, four gentlemen at the Samoset House, determined to investigate the mystery. Accordingly, unknown to any one, they one morning about two o'clock, stationed themselves on the rail road track, about a mile from town, and awaited the arrival of the supernatural visitor. They did not wait long, nor wait in vain, for immediately they distinctly heard, far off in the north, the sound of a railway whistle, and presently "the distant clatter of wheels was heard—louder, nearer, nearer still it came—the click of the rails in their chairs; the rush of steam was as plain in their ears as if the lantern glared before them—the shriek of a demon whistle close at hand made them leap from the track, as the train thundered down the grade—the hot breath of the panting steed was in their very faces as it passed—as the unearthly scream ceased, they heard the brakemen screwing up their brakes, the tinkle of a bell and a sound of meeting cars, as if the invisible spectre monster of the road had reached his journey's end."

About a month since, says the *Memorial*, one of the watchers visited a spirit circle in Boston, where he was an entire stranger to all present, save one to whom he had never revealed the summer incident, when the engineer of the spectral train held spiritual converse with the astonished company. A protracted sitting was suddenly brought to a close, by the communicating spirit announcing that he must go.

"Where and for what?" some one asked. "To run the train," was the prompt answer. The sitters looked each upon the other, and "What train?" was the universal exclamation. "The Old Colony train," was the reply. "Do you mean for us to understand that at this hour of the night a train of cars passes over that railway?" There was a long pause. Slowly and deliberately, as if making no common revelation, the arm of the medium moved at last, and the pencil wrote these words:—"In life I was an engineer upon that road. At stated intervals, a train, unseen of mortal eyes, takes the spirits of pious dead to the pilgrim home they consecrated by their lives. Mr. —, who is with you, will say whether he has ever heard or knows aught of that train. It is not for mortals to know more."

The *Memorial* vouches for the truth of this wonderful narrative. It is a little singular, we will simply hint, that spirits who can enter rooms with closed doors, and who are ever present at the call of mediums, should require a train of cars to transport them to Plymouth.

"Be Courteous"

Some years ago, a friend of ours in an omnibus admired a hearty old man who had a kind word for everybody; and his kind words were evidently considered compliments, though spoken in broad Scotch. From some words that dropped from him, he was evidently a man of unusual talent and a christian. Our friend wondered who he could be, and all the more as the unknown, with the most polite attention, gave a poor servant-girl some information which she desired about a house she had been told to call at. Who could this lovable yet mysterious stranger be? It was Dr. Chalmers. The genial old man had room in his large heart for sympathy and kindness to all.

If we are to do good to all as we have opportunity, we must abound in kind words. In this rough world, so full of hardships, trials, and difficulties, Christians should abound in the grace of kindness. "Oh," says some one, "kind words are cheap." So they are; and so is the light of heaven, and so is a cup of cold water; yet these are among the most precious gifts of God. Passing along the streets a few days ago, we saw a little child who had tripped his foot and fallen down. He was crying over his distress. We lifted him up, instinctively saying: "Poor little fellow!" These little words of sympathy were very cheap, but they brushed away his tears, and spread sun-shine over his face again.

The poorest on earth can say a kind word to a struggling brother or sister, and who can tell the good that may be done by a single kind word? It may cheer an inquiring sinner—it may send a faint believer on his way rejoicing.